IN HEAT

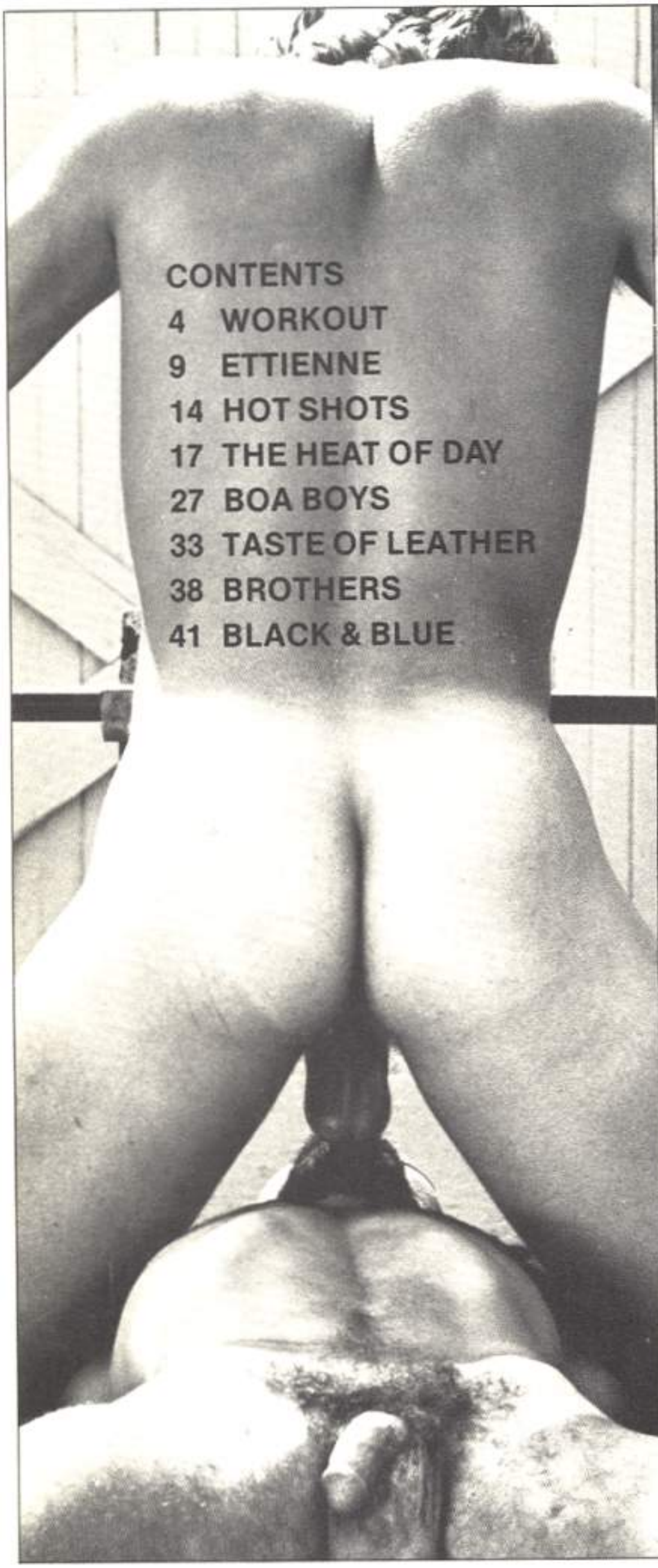
AN IN TOUCH FOR MEN PUBLICATION

NUMBER 5 • ADULTS ONLY • $8.00

TASTE OF LEATHER
ETTIENNE'S MEN
WORKOUT
BOA BOYS

HOT MEN • HOT ACTION

16 FULL-COLOR PAGES



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WORK -OUT

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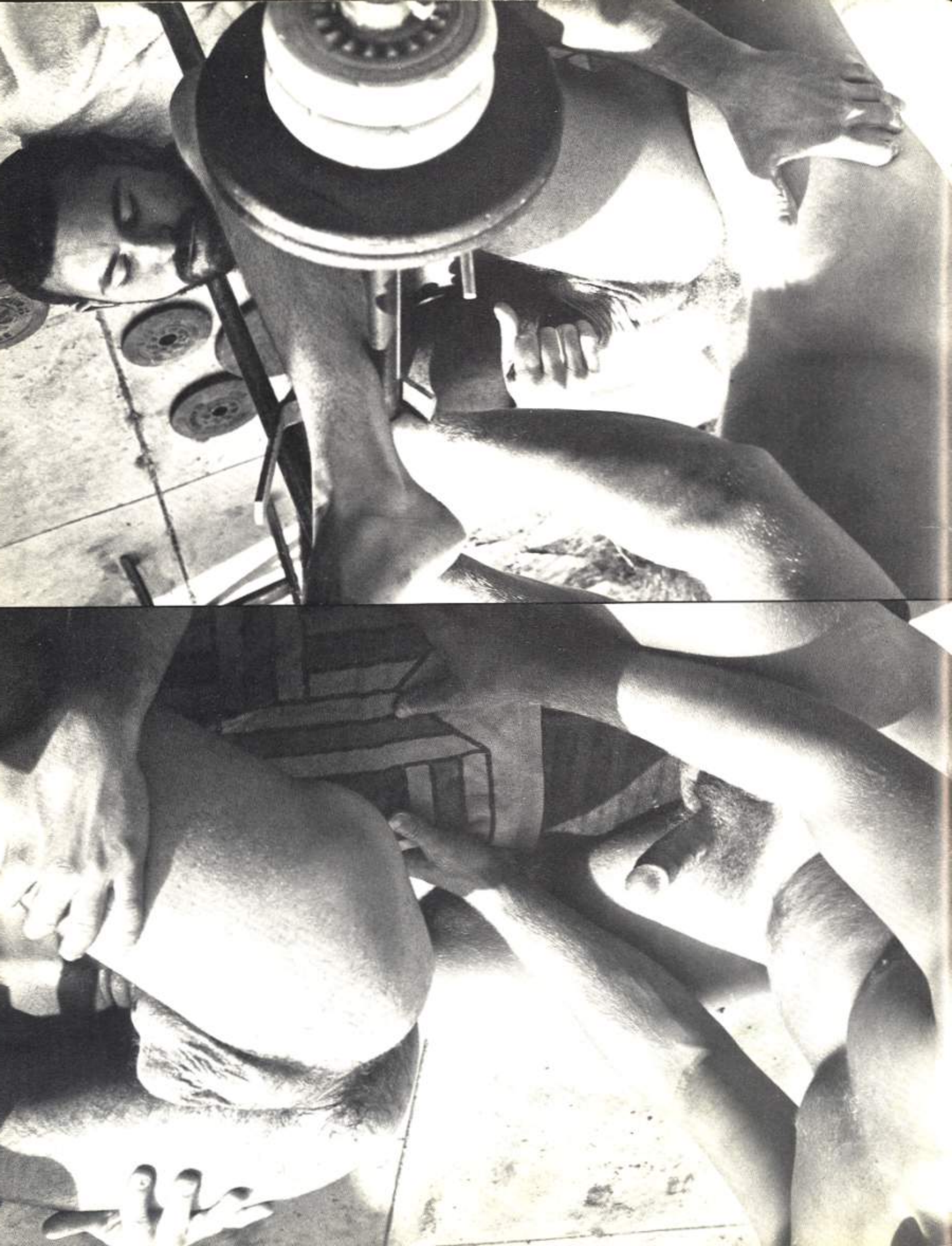
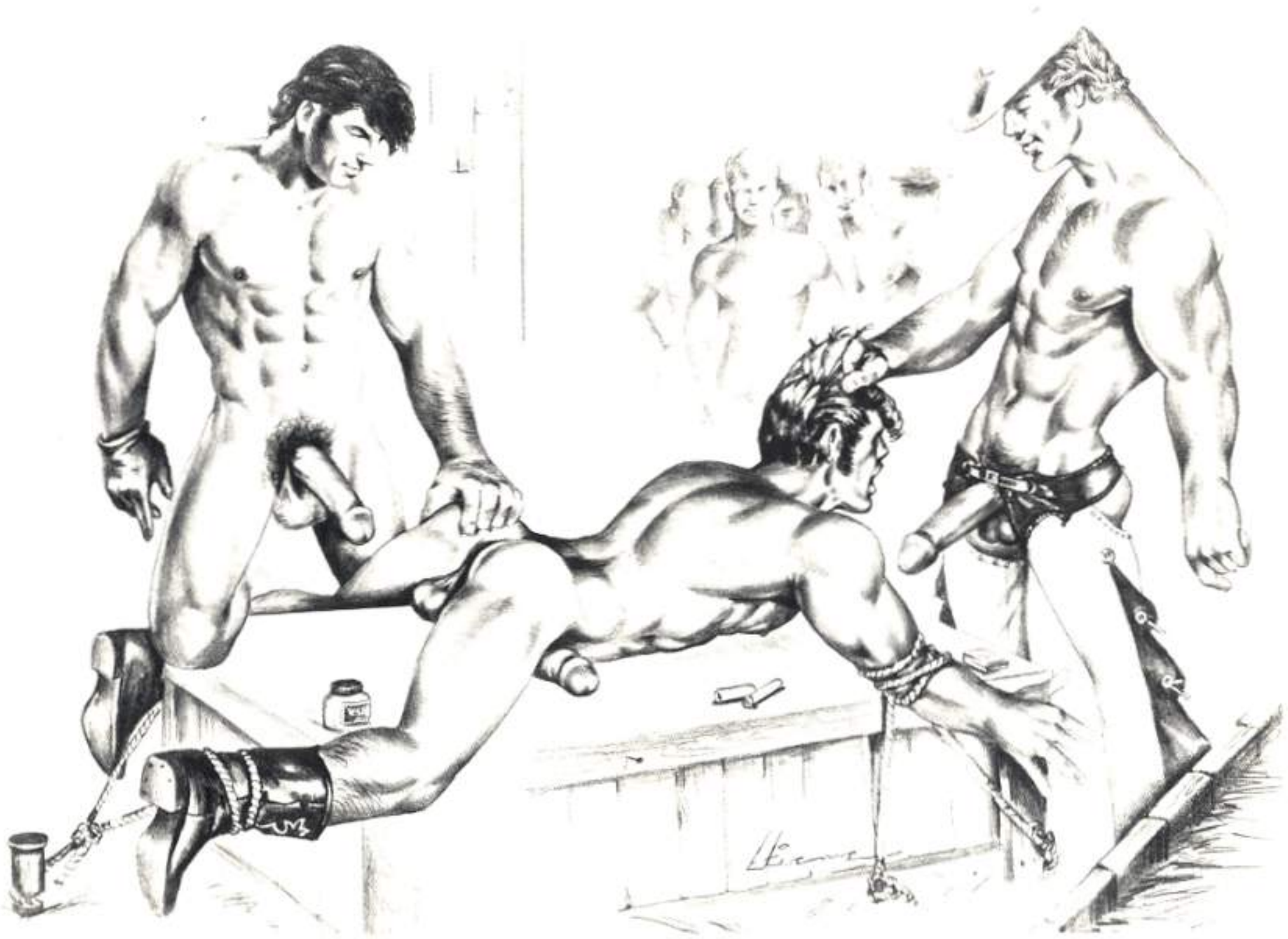


ETTIENNE . . .

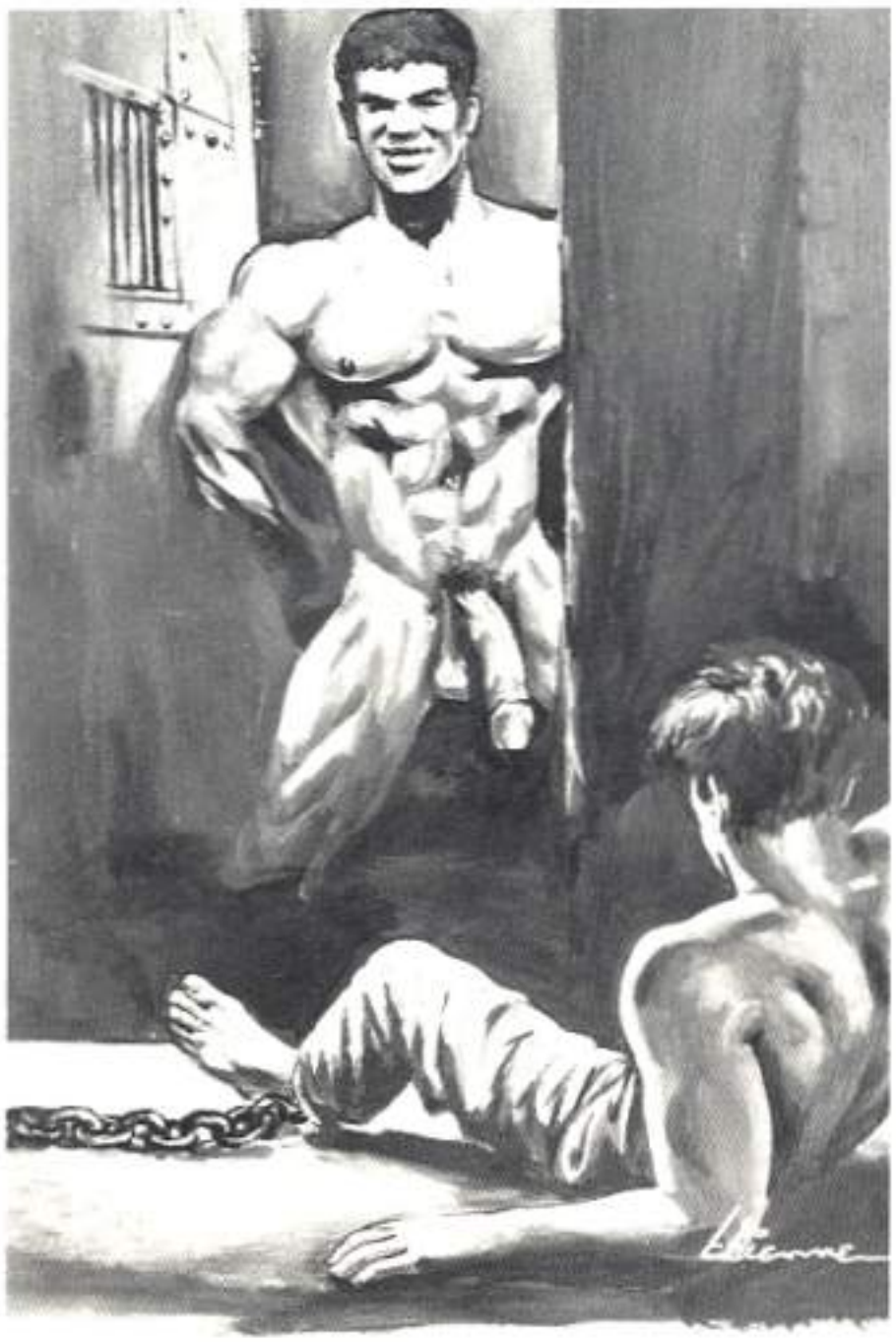
"I want to give the world a hard-on," Dom Orejudos—better know as Ettienne—says. And, through his art, he's been doing just that for far longer than his age might indicate. His hot murals have graced the walls of Chicago's Gold Coast bar since it opened, and his artwork has turned gays on in various forms for several years. His idol is Tom of Finland, whom he finally met (after years of correspondence) in Los Angeles in 1977. "We're planning a show together in Amsterdam," Ettienne says. Tom of Finland *and* Ettienne? They'll have to line the walls in asbestos!

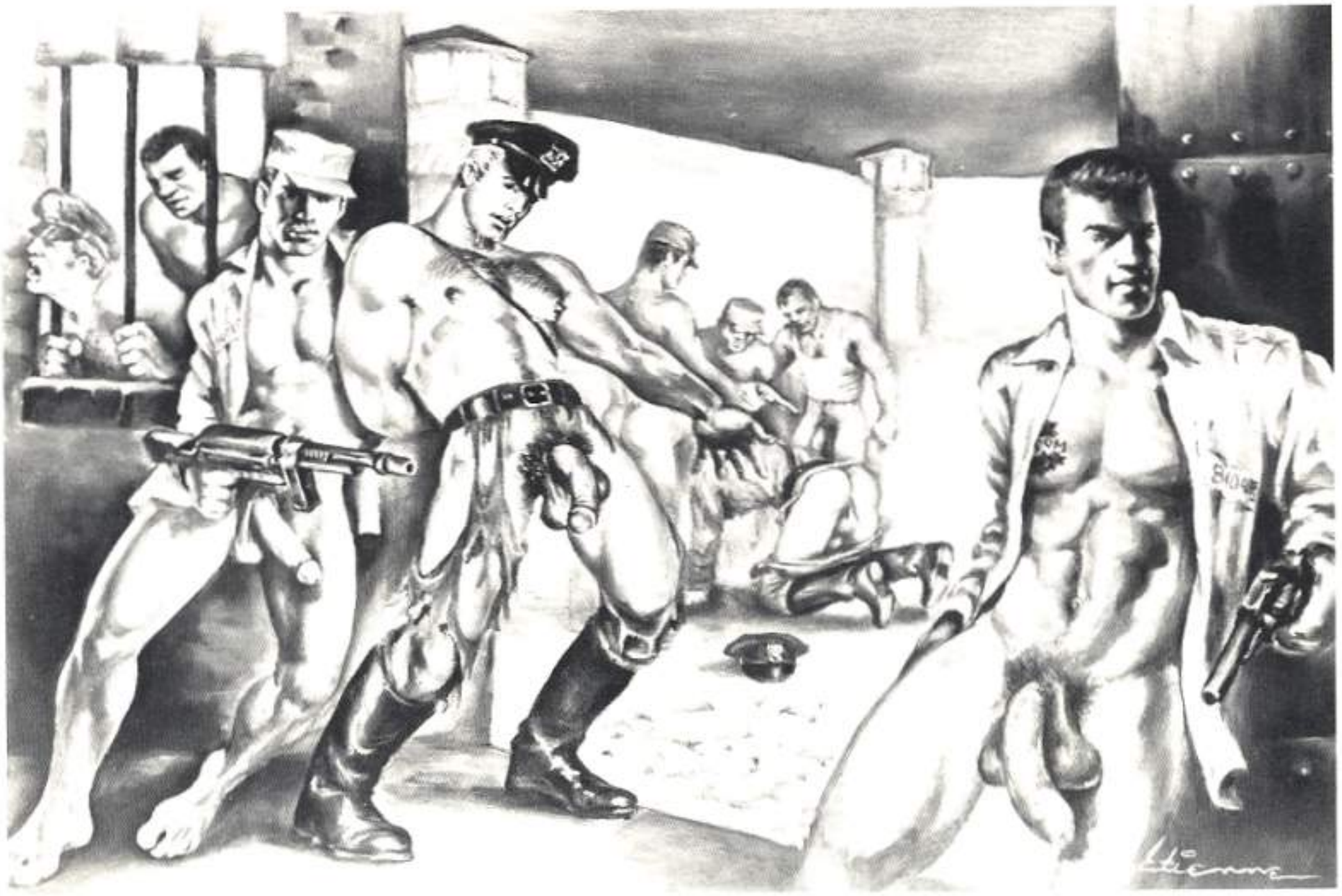
LOVES COWBOYS . . .



LEATHERMEN

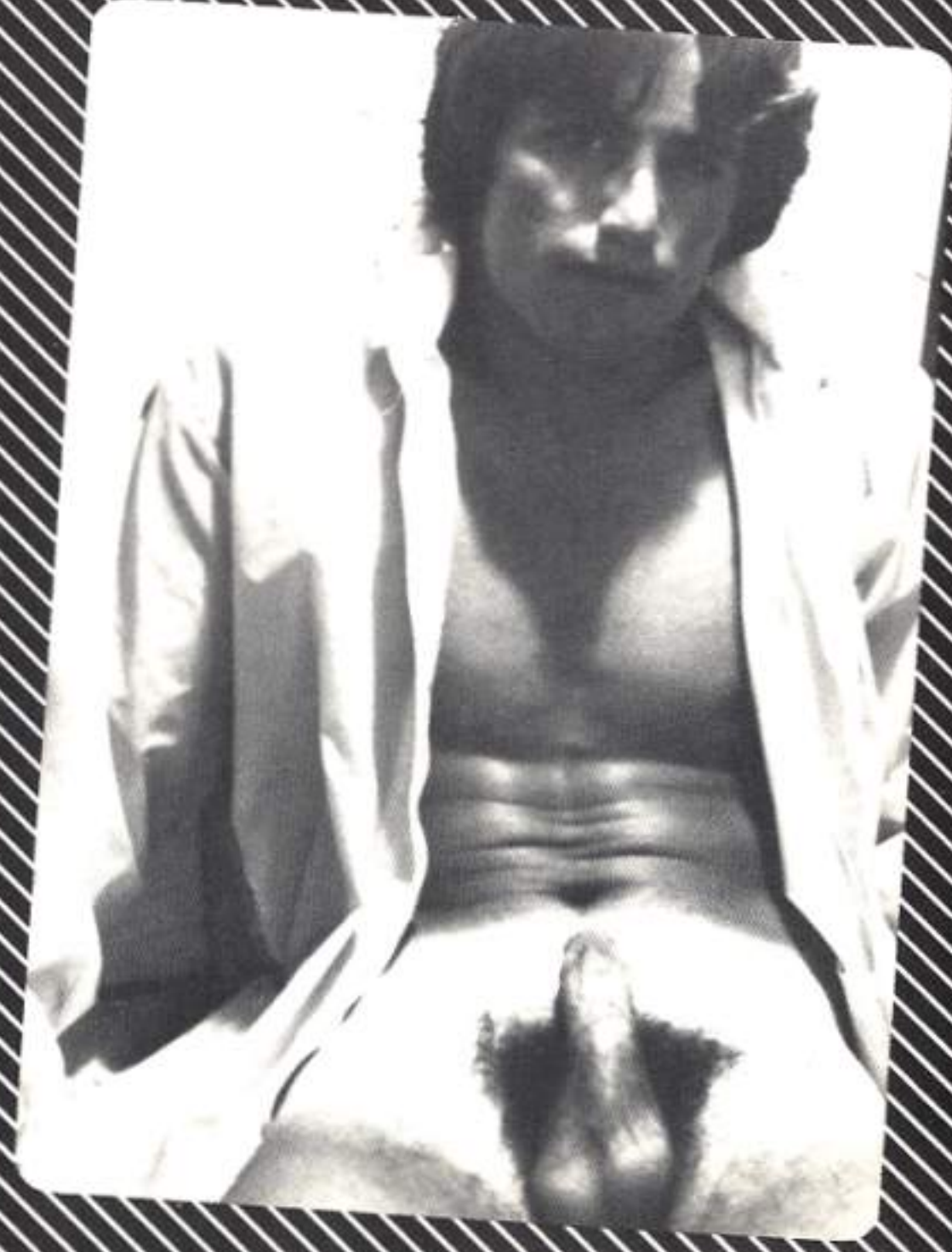
...AND MEN BEHIND BARS.





HOT SHOTS

PHOTOS BY ZAK DRUMMER



THE HEAT OF DAY

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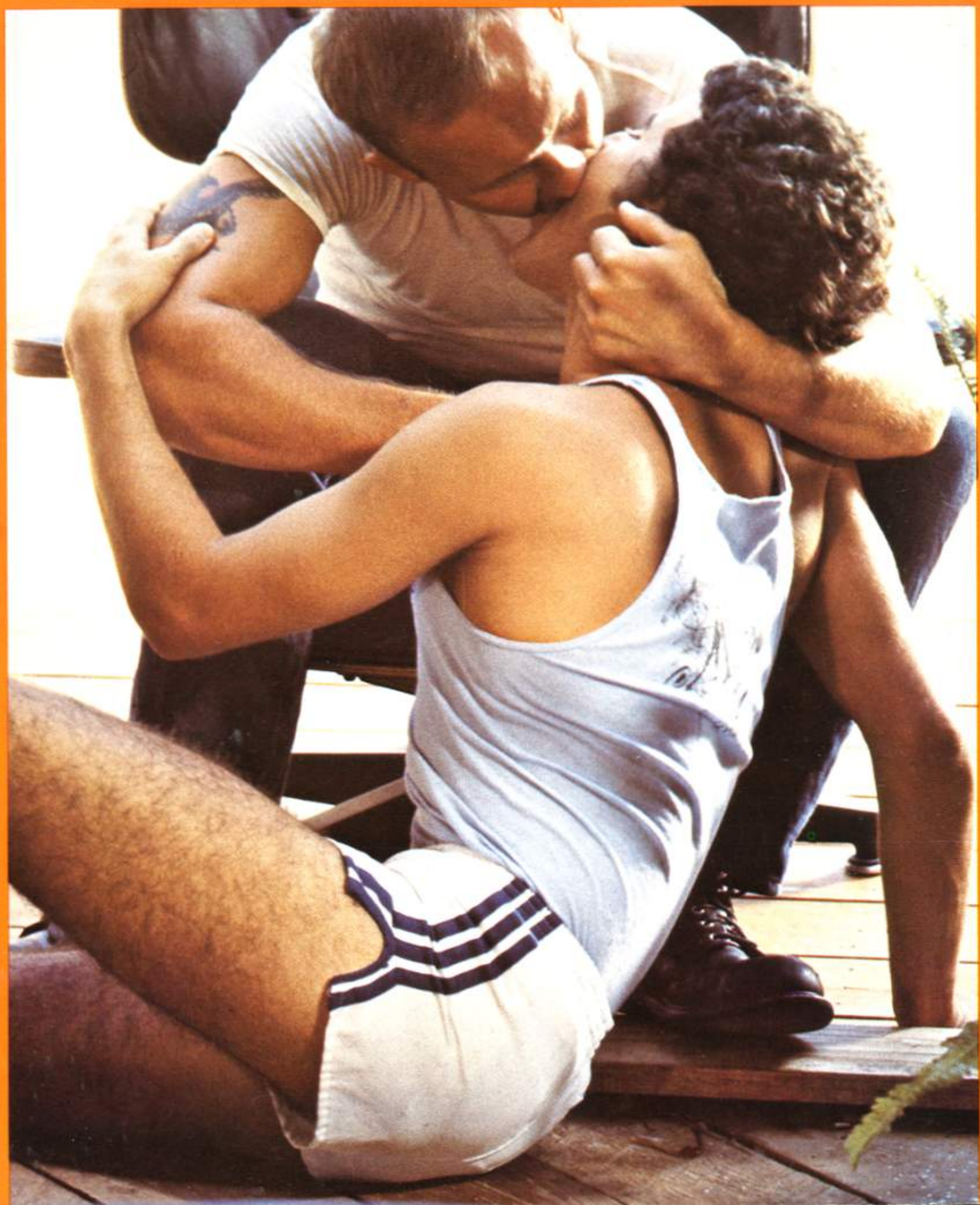

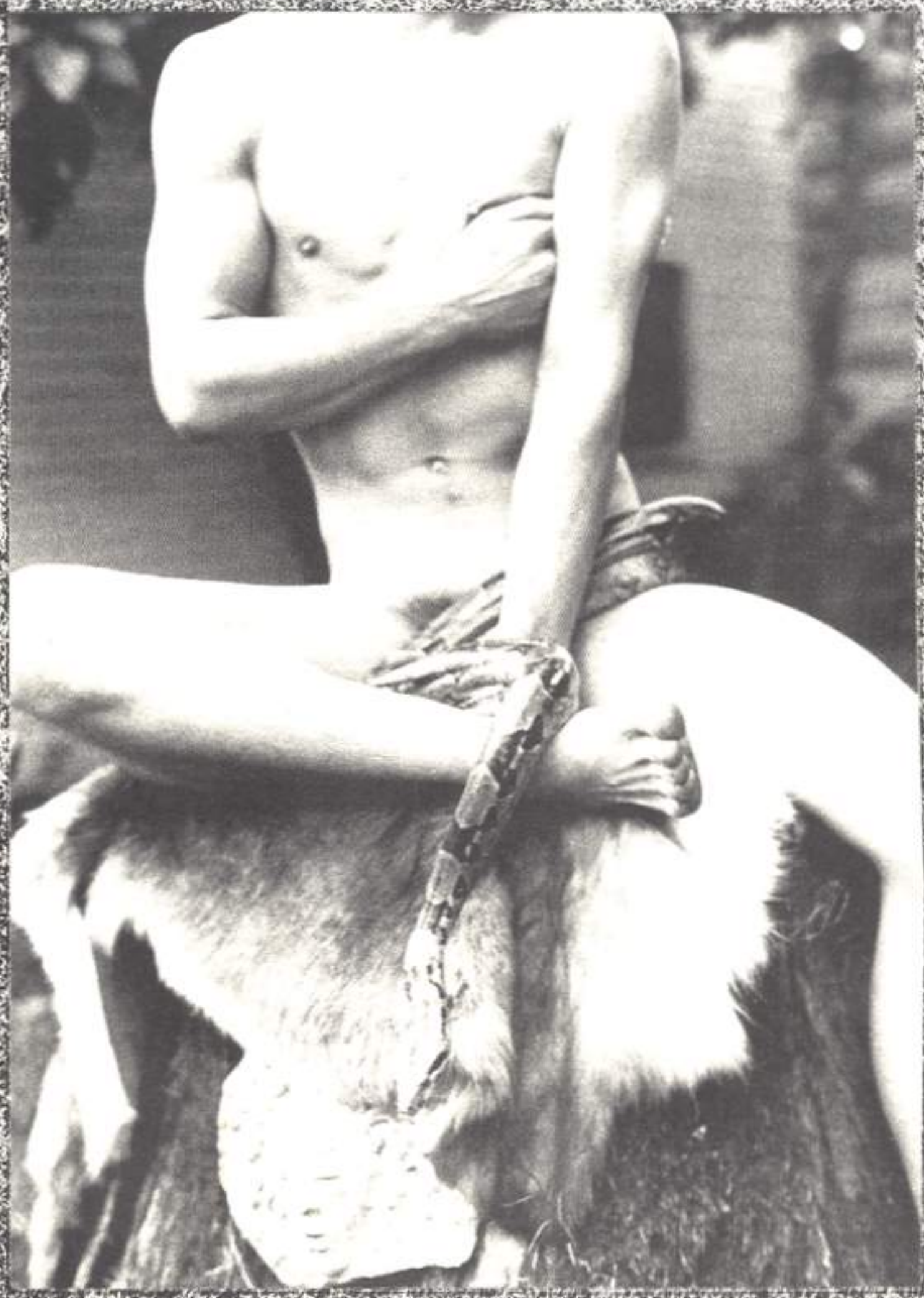

BOA BOYS

PHOTOS BY THE PHANTOM STUDIO

TASTE OF LEATHER

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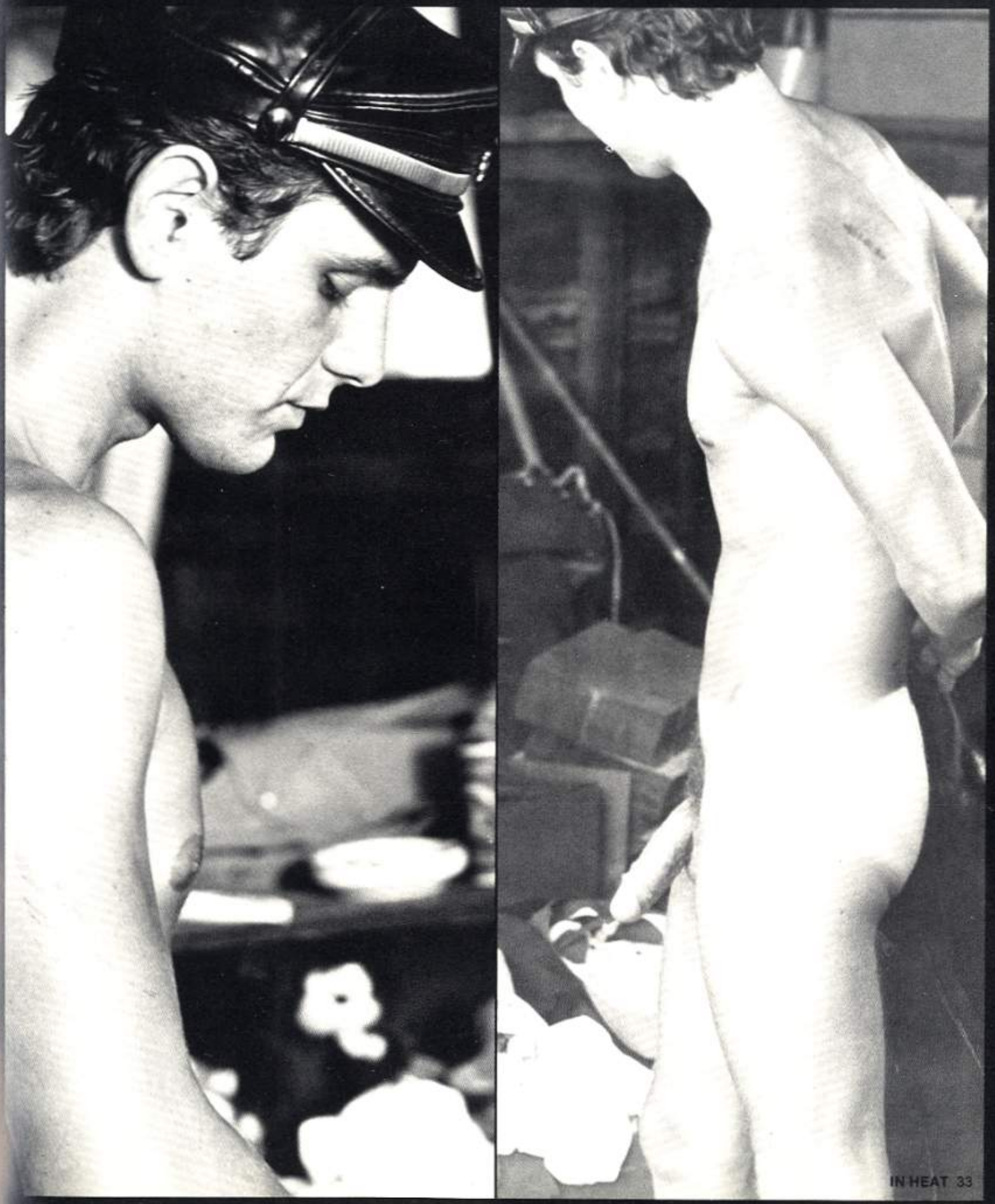

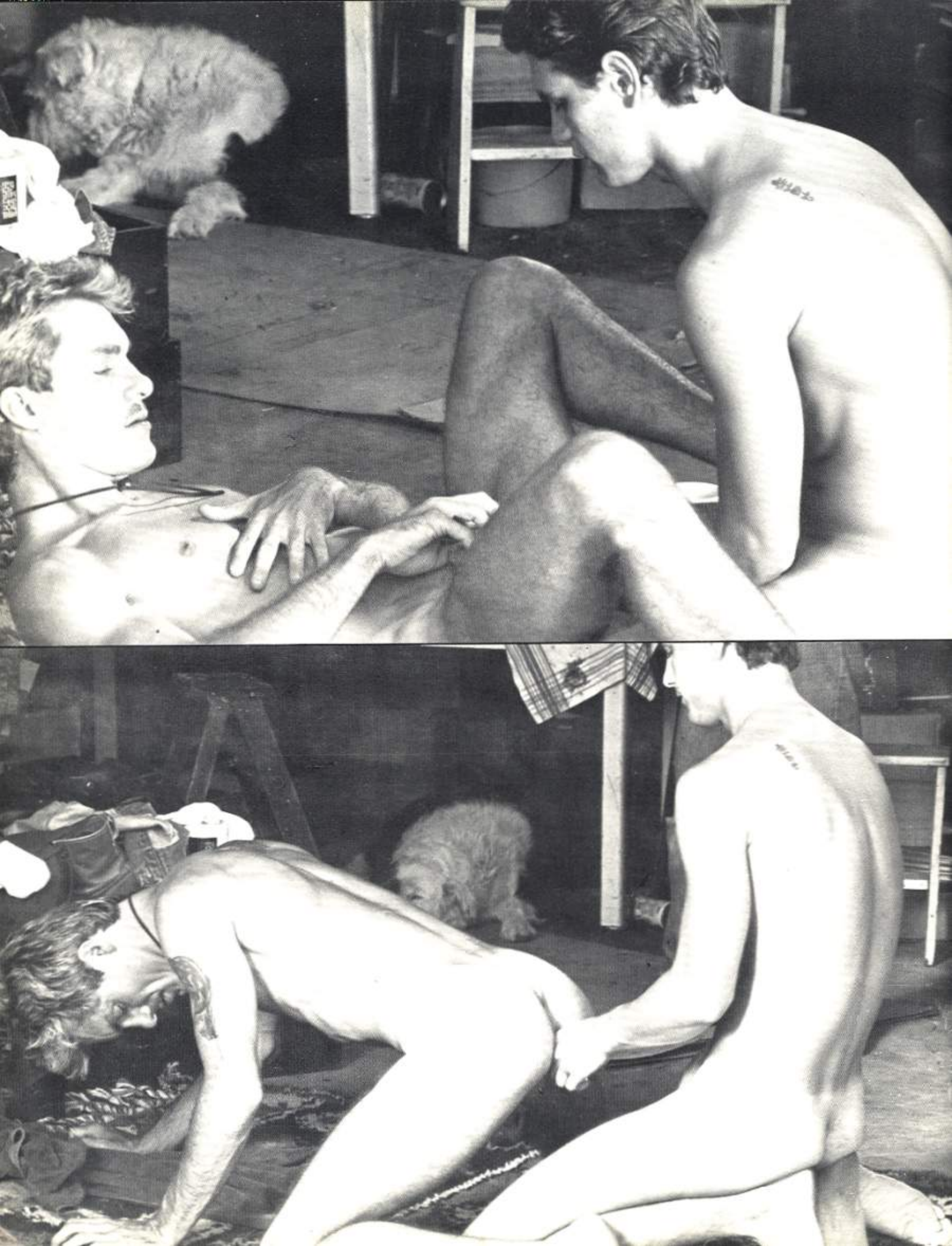

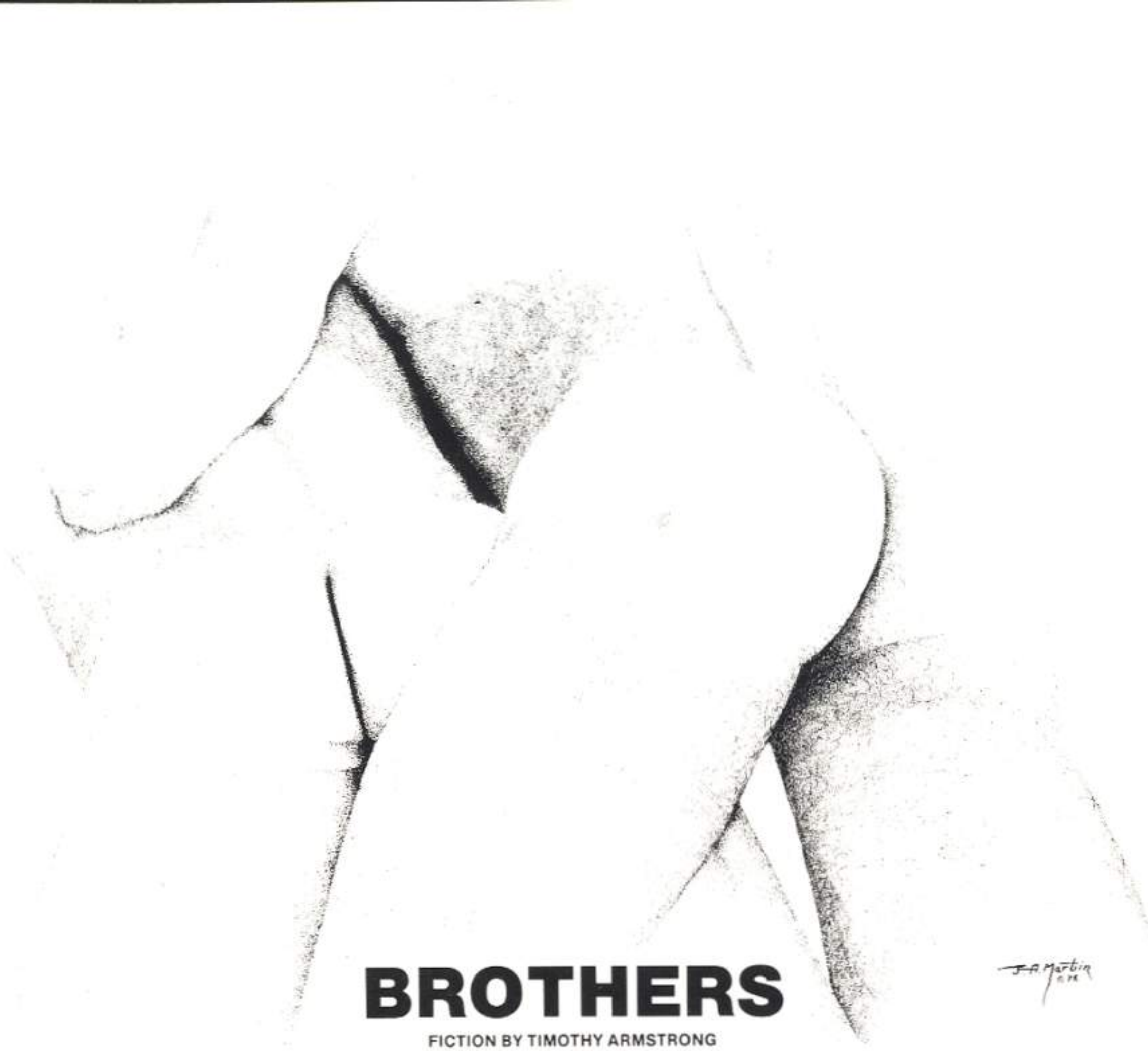

BROTHERS

FICTION BY TIMOTHY ARMSTRONG

It seems God compensated me for my lean, lanky body by giving me a big cock. I was not singled out in my family for this distinction; my brother's cock, while not quite as long, is even thicker than mine. How do I know? Well, he was the one who taught me most about enjoying a good-sized cock.

One day, when I was around 13, he went into my bedroom, snooping around for something, and he found the oil that I used to jerk off. He came in that night holding it in his hand and asked me what was up. I played dumb at first, but then I figured, what the hell, he's only three years older than me so he ought to understand. He did, but his mouth fell open when I told him I jerked off three or four times every night. He asked me how many times I'd already done it that night. I said only once. He told me to hold off doing it anymore until mom and dad had gone to bed, and then he'd come in and show me how to make it more fun. I was curious as hell and tried to get him to tell me more right then, but he refused and left with a smile on his face.

It must've been after eleven when he came tippy-toeing in. My light was out because he'd told me to pretend to be in bed and asleep, but there was still enough light coming in the bedroom window that I could see the bulge in his undershorts.

"You got the oil?" I whispered as he shut the door behind him.

"Shit, we aren't going to need that."

I'd sat up in bed, and he walked across the room and got into bed with me on the other side. He slipped under the covers and took off his undershorts. I did the same.

"One of the guys at school showed me this," he said and disappeared entirely under the covers. The next thing I knew, he had my cock in his mouth.

"Jesus, what in the hell do you think you're doing?" I almost shouted.

"Shh, you want to wake up mom and dad?" he whispered hoarsely, popping up from under the covers. "Just lie back and relax. You're going to enjoy this, I promise."

I did as he said, hesitantly, but it wasn't long before I found out how right he was. Two minutes later I was pumping all the gism I'd stored up that night down his throat, and the two of us nearly fell out of bed together.

"Good lord, that was sudden," he panted as he resurfaced.

"I couldn't help it."

"I'm not complaining. Don't get me wrong." He fell back onto the pillow next to me.

"Who'd you say taught you that?"

"Jimmy Harrison. He said it was better

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK MARTIN

than fucking old Lucy Matlock, and he was right. In case you haven't noticed, I've stayed overnight with him quite a few times in the past couple of years." He ran his hand down my chest and stomach. My cock stiffened again as he approached it. "Feels like you're ready for another try. How about it?"

"Sure, if you feel like it."

Without another word he disappeared back under the covers. It took longer this time, but when I came I nearly knocked the two of us off the bed again.

"You've got to learn to calm down a little," he said as he plopped down beside me again. "You're gonna kill me or wake up mom and dad."

"I can't help it. It's terrific. I felt like I was exploding both times, only more so this time than before."

"I know, I know," he panted. He lay there catching his breath for a while, and then he said, "Well, how about it? You want to find out what it's like on the giving end?"

I'd been expecting him to ask that, and I thought, "Well, I suppose it's only fair." So I crawled onto my hands and knees and got between his legs. "I suppose I could give it a try." His cock rose up eagerly to meet me. I tongued it gingerly at first and picked up the taste of urine. I pulled back, but when my tongue touched him again, I accepted that taste.

"Put your lips around it and take as much of it into your mouth as you can without gagging." I did as I was told, but when it touched the back of my throat, I gagged involuntarily. "Don't push it. Just take as much as you can handle. You'll know when to take more."

I listened to what he said and put it to practice. I began imitating what he'd done to me and ran my lips up and down the shaft of his cock. "Use your tongue," he whispered dreamily. I did. He lay back with his eyes closed and gyrated his hips, pushing his cock around gently in my mouth. "Now suck on it." I did as I was told and felt him stiffen. He started pushing further into my mouth. At first, I resisted, but he began massaging my neck and shoulders gently and I relaxed. He pushed in until my nose was buried in his pubic hair.

When he came he was quieter than I'd been—not that he was any less excited, but he was better able to control himself. I gagged, but he still had his hands on my shoulders and didn't let me pull away. I fought the impulse to throw up and let him finish. There were tears in my eyes when he finally let me go. I crouched there between his legs and wiped them away with the back of my hand.

"Are you all right?" he asked with some anxiety in his voice.

"Sure," I said softly, snuffling up the snot in my nose. "Why shouldn't I be?"

He touched my leg gently. "I'm sorry about holding you down on me, but it felt so good I just couldn't let you pull away. Did you swallow it?"

"Yeah, aren't you supposed to?"

"Sure. It's full of protein." He laughed at me and I smiled.

"Got any more tricks in your bag?" I asked him sweetly.

"Yes, I have," he replied, getting up from the bed, "but you're going to have to wait until tomorrow for them. I'm going to bed."

"Aw, come on. It's early."

"It's later than you think," he whispered, sliding out the door. "See you in the morning." He shut it behind himself.

I didn't feel sleepy. I was stiff and ready to go again, so I jerked myself off before going to sleep.

The next night it was difficult waiting for everyone to go to bed so that he could slip into bed with me. I did my homework as quickly as I could and then got into bed to read, waiting for him to show up. Mom and dad had each gone by and opened the door to say good night before he showed up. Again, the light was out and he was only in his undershorts, but I could see something in his hand.

"What's that?" I whispered, as he shut the door.

"The oil."

"I thought you said we weren't going to need that."

"For what I have in mind for this evening we will."

I whipped the covers off me as he approached the bed. I was wearing no undershorts and my cock sprang up to greet him in anticipation.

"Ready, willing, and able, I see," he chortled, straddling my waist.

"Sure. What do you have in mind?"

"Something that will blow your mind, I'm sure." He took off his undershorts awkwardly and then sat on my stomach. "Give me your hand."

"What for?" I asked as I complied.

Without answering, he took the top off the oil and poured it over my fingers. "Now, you've enjoyed what we've done so far, right?"

"Uh huh."

"So don't question me on this. Just do as I say."

He poured some of the oil in his hand and seemed to smear it on his ass. Then he put the oil away. Wiping off his hand, he said, "Stick your middle finger up my asshole."

"What?"

"You heard what I said. Stick your finger up my asshole." He waited.

This was going a bit far for me, but I'd promised to do whatever he said. I reached under him and felt around gingerly until I thought I'd found my target. Then I pushed my finger in.

"Ouch, not so fast," he protested, pulling away from me. "This is a little more tricky than what we did last night."

"Sorry." I pushed in a little more hesitantly this time, but as I got further inside, I could feel his rectal muscles relaxing. When I'd gotten inside as far as I could go, I stopped. "Now what?"

"Massage me inside with your finger."

I looked up at his face. His eyes were shut. I thought he might be in pain, but as I massaged him inside, he began to move against my hand and to moan gently.

"Are you in pleasure or in pain?" I asked him.

"Ooh, pleasure, pleasure," he crooned. I shrugged my shoulders and continued to massage him. "Now why don't you see if you can fit another finger inside," he directed me.

"You're kidding."

"Uh uh." I figured he knew what he was doing, so I worked my forefinger in alongside my middle finger. Amazingly, his sphincter stretched to accommodate them both. He seemed to be undulating into ecstasy when he asked me to insert another finger. Without a question, I slipped in my ring finger and waited for him to ask for four. He didn't though. Three seemed to satisfy him, and after a while he gently eased himself off my hand, so that my fingers came out one by one.

"No more?" I asked him facetiously.

"I don't want to get too loose."

"Too loose for what?" I wondered when he took the oil and poured it over my cock. I was limp in his hand when he grabbed me, but it didn't take long for me to stretch to my full nine inches. When I was erect and gently throbbing, he put down the oil and wiped off his hand. Then he moved backwards a little and slowly lowered himself onto my cock.

My mouth fell open far enough to accommodate three cocks his size at the same time, but as I felt the ringed muscles of his rectum open to admit me and then slide down the length of my cock, my lips formed ooh's and ah's of pleasure.

"Hey, this is fun," I murmured throatily as he settled onto my abdomen. I pushed as far into him as I could.

"You're telling me." The sound of his voice came from far away. His head was tilted backwards as he rode me limply. I pushed and he squirmed; I pulled and he wriggled. In and out I plunged, up and down he rode me until I shot hot and flaming inside him. I nearly suffocated because he put his hand over my mouth to keep me from screaming.

"Jesus." I pulled in air as he lifted his hand. "What'd you do that for? I couldn't breathe."

"You would've awakened the entire block if I hadn't, you know. Then what would have happened to us?" He pulled himself slowly off me until I popped out like a cork and plopped heavily onto my stomach. As I continued to lie there, he moved backwards and shifted his position from outside to between my legs. Then he began tickling my asshole.

"Hey, I'm not sure I'm ready for . . . ."

"Relax," he interrupted me. "We'll give it a try, and if you're not ready, we'll stop." Since everything we'd tried thus far had

ended happily, I decided to trust him. He snuck out into the hall and came back with a wet washcloth to clean my cock. Then he started to suck on me. The great relaxer. The pleasure in my cock was so great that he was able to divert my attention as he snuck a finger up my asshole. It was a mixture of pain and pleasure at first, but once he was far enough inside me, the pain gave way to all pleasure.

I was still tight and he couldn't work a second finger inside. (As wide as he was, I knew he'd have to insert four inside me before I'd be loose enough for him.) He pulled his finger out and poured oil on his hand. Then he began again, sucking my cock all the while.

There was a great danger that I would come with all this stimulation. He took advantage of my closeness each time to insert an additional finger—two, three, and then four. My whole body was humming, and I was very close to coming again when I felt him trying to work in his thumb.

"Hey, wait a minute," I protested, trying to rise up.

"Relax." He pushed me back on the bed. "I wouldn't be doing this if you couldn't take it." I lay back down and he continued—with the thumb, yes, but no more. That was it, my limit, and I breathed more easily when he began pulling out his fingers one by one. I began to get up so that I could sit on him as he had sat on me.

"No," he said, pushing me down again. "Roll over."

"Aren't we going to do it the same way?"

"No. This is easier. Trust me."

I turned over with a backward glance at his cock, which was standing straight out at the base of his abdomen. It looked larger than it had the night before or even earlier this same night. He took the oil and poured it on himself. Then with his hand still slick with oil, he reached between my legs and pulled on my cock. This got me to raise my ass to him, and then, quickly, he let go of my cock and slid into me. I may have been loose beforehand, but once he'd entered, I tightened.

"Bite the pillow," he said to me, sensing what was happening. I did as I was told and lay in agony, wondering why the hell he didn't pull out, until the pain began to ebb and I relaxed again.

"Sorry," he said in my ear, "but it's always like that the first time. Warning you wouldn't have made it any easier."

I had my doubts about that, but I kept them to myself. When he began to move gently inside me, there were slight recurrences of the pain, but nothing like that first flash. He began to nibble on my neck and reached around me to pinch my tits. His movement slowly became pleasurable and I began to move against him. He raised himself on his arms and feet until only his cock and my ass were in contact. I could feel him thicken even more than before and he plunged as far inside me as he could with each thrust. When he came, I didn't feel it—not in the way I'd thought I would. No hot liquid forced its way searingly up into my bowels, but he did collapse onto me and grasp me tightly in his arms as he pulsed gently inside me. He was spent and I was traumatized.

"How are you?" he whispered into my ear.

"Okay," I murmured with my face still pressed into the bed. He pulled out of me and I felt air rushing into the gaping cavern that he'd left behind.

"Turn over," he told me and gently helped me. "Now pull up your legs."

"Listen," I got out weakly, "I don't think I can handle any more tonight."

"Just let me finish this," he persisted and caught me under my knees with his shoulders. He started to reenter me and I stiffened, but once he was inside me, the moment of pain I'd felt passed. I was totally flaccid and felt there was no way that he would make me erect, much less come, but I was underestimating him. He didn't ride me for the moment; he only took my cock in his hand, which he'd recoated with oil, and gently massaged me. I wasn't becoming hard, but I was enjoying the stimulation and having his cock inside me intensified the feeling. I pushed myself more firmly onto him and he stretched deeper into me. Then he began thrusting again. I didn't become hard until just before I came, and then a pint of blood seemed to flow from my abdomen into my cock as I exploded onto my stomach.

"Stop," I cried, shuddering as he continued to stroke me. "Enough. I can't take any more."

"All right," he said as he pulled out of me, but he jerked off once more onto my stomach as I lay inertly beneath him.

We continued steadily in this manner for a couple of years. Then he went away to college and our activity was confined to the occasional weekend that he spent at home. In his junior year, he surprised me, and himself, by becoming engaged. Still, whenever he was at home, the two of us got it on together. At the end of the school year they were married.

The last night that he and I spent together was difficult for both of us. I cried and he did too, but he told me that I'd meet somebody else the next year when I went away to college. That was one of the few nights that he slept with me, oblivious to the possibility of mom or dad finding us together in the morning.

The weddding was terrible for me, but he was really nice and so was she. I didn't want to like her, but I did in spite of myself. She is one of the few terrific people alive.

And he was right. I did meet someone when I went away to college—Jimmy Harrison. He was a senior when I was a freshman. My brother introduced us. How innocent that was, I don't know, but I sure am glad he did it. The two of us live together now, and if I thought my brother and I were well endowed, well then Jimmy's father must have been a horse. ■■

BLACK & BLUE

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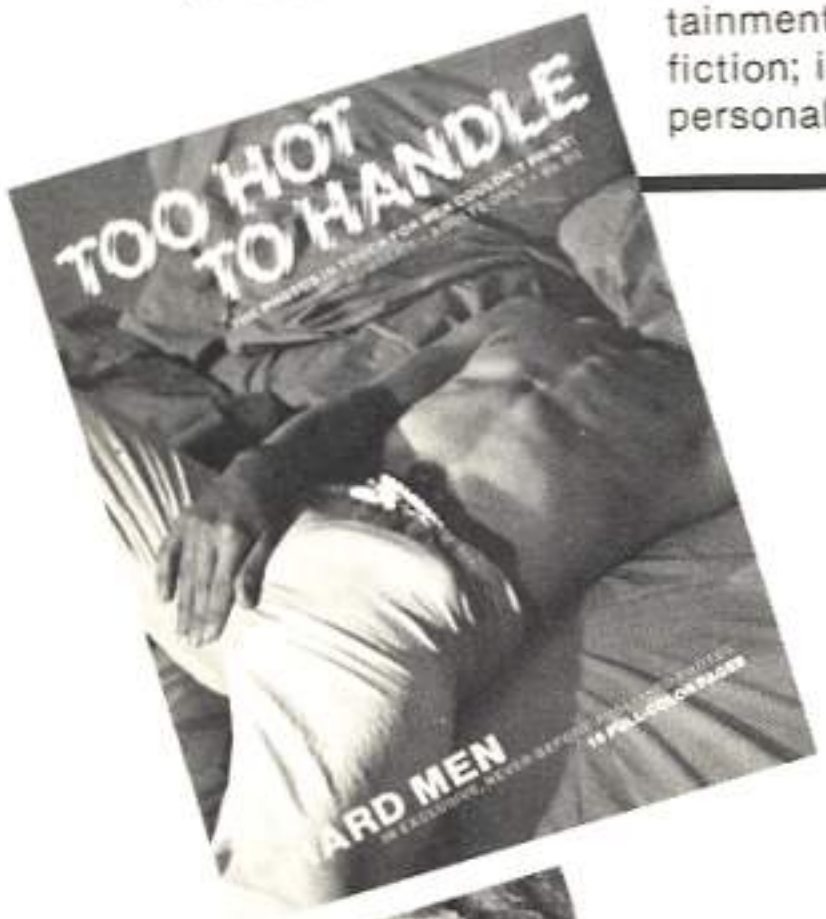

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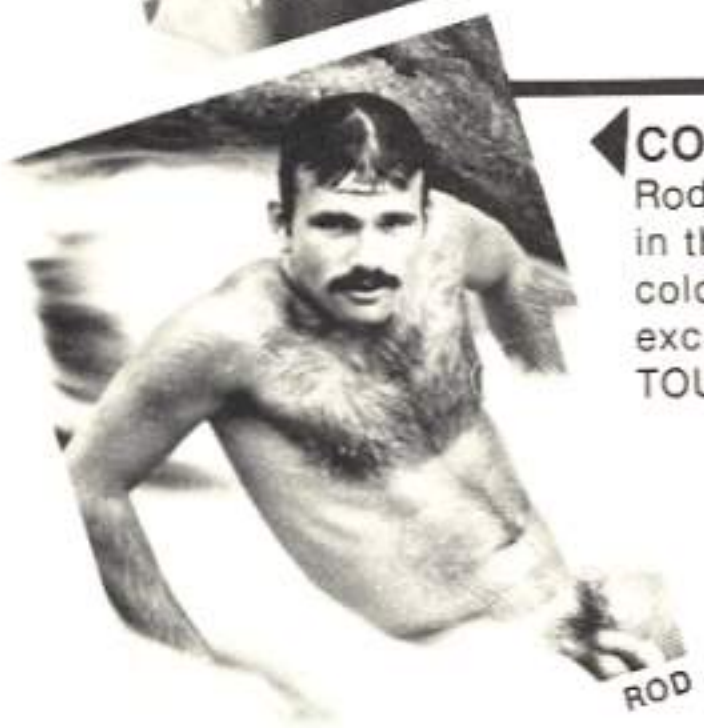
GARY



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